



SONGS
AND
BALLADS.

Fanny Mayhew
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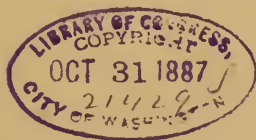
SONGS AND BALLADS

BY

FANNY RAYMOND-RITTER.

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TO
MY BELOVED MOTHER
CATHERINE M. RAYMOND.



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PREFATORY NOTE.

Rather less than half the songs and ballads in the accompanying collection have already appeared in English and American periodicals—and as some among these have been several times illustrated by composers, while to a few the compliment of translation has been accorded, their re-appearance here may not prove unwelcome to their former readers. Others now appear in print for the first time.

Part of the transcriptions might be more truly termed free fantasias (in musical *parlance*) on fragments, broken verses, of partially lost folk-songs; others, to which the authors' names are appended, are as true to their originals as befits translations that rather aim at preserving the spirit than the letter. With the exception of one or two of which I have seen English prose versions, and the Servian song, which Lord Lytton had already translated, these appear, I believe, for the first time in our language.

FANNY RAYMOND-RITTER.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

GITANA.

Come, set night to melody!
Come, unclothe with music's key,
Springs of purest poesy!
Fain (prayed he) would I forget
Anguish past, o'ershadowing threat,
Aspiration and regret,
Gitana, Gitana.

As were thine Fastrada's ring,
Woo each spirit of the string
With persuasive beckoning;
Or with moonlit thoughts imbued,
Breathe that visionary mood
Born of song in solitude,
Gitana, Gitana.

Breathe the ban, but pour the balm!
Matin plaint and vesper psalm,
Storm and roselit after-calm;
But from Joy no brightness borrow,
Lest Joy's lonely sister, Sorrow,
Answer every sound tomorrow,
Gitana, Gitana.

Lull sad Sorrow in a tone
Soft as showers on buds new-blown
Where wild doves deserted moan;
Sigh laments,—but none more deep
Than the sighs of babes asleep
Smiling all the while they weep,
Gitana, Gitana.

Echo Ariadne's strain
When ungrateful love's disdain
Woke that lay's melodious pain,
While, enamored, Naxos' water
Listening, paused, and low besought her,
“Mourn again, oh, Minos' daughter,”
Gitana, Gitana!

Touch the silent chord that sleeps
In the heart's unconscious deeps
Ere Love's hand across it sweeps;
Rouse that chord's enchanted closes,
When the charm that wakes the roses,
All its slumbering power discloses,
Gitana, Gitana!

Sing of spring,—but softly, lowly;
Spring is but the melancholy
Shade of youth's impassioned folly!
Youth—Love—Spring—in music met,—
Hush thine unavailing fret,
Inexhaustible Regret!
Gitana, Gitana.

Chant farewells, like those at sea
Sung where hapless exiles be—
Parting's plaintive monody,—
When the sullen daylight's dying,
When the reef-bell tolls, replying
To a lost wind's sobbing, sighing,
Gitana, Gitana!

Then, while song's retiring stress
Dies like dreams of happiness
Dreamed in grief-worn night's distress,
And to silence falters, ——— oh
Would this pulse so pause! That so,
Death, Life's bondage could undo,
Gitana, Gitana,

And my soul from mortal bound
Melt away like melting sound
'Mid immensity profound,
With the soul of melody
In supernal harmony
Blent for immortality,
Gitana, Gitana!

THE WATER-SPRITE.

The lily is closing its chalice,
Afloat on the brooklet's breast ;
Deep, deep in that exquisite chalice
A water-sprite makes her nest.

The planet of eve is her watchlight ;
Her curtain, the flag's blue crest ;
The brooklet sings "Lullaby, slumber ;"
She's rocked by the wind of the west.

Light vapors roll over the water
And cover her viewless rest ;
What guest has a sweeter chamber ?
What chamber a lovelier guest ?

THE COUREUR DE BOIS.*

Early sunset, and overcast!
Strong bonghs bending, clouds scurrying past;
'Throught the skirt of the wood in the teeth of the
blast

Onward hastens a coureur de bois.

Nut-brown forehead, cheek russet bright,
Storm-black tresses, teeth snow-flake white;
With a spark as of starlight through murky mid-
night

Flash the eyes of this coureur de bois.

Pliant, mobile, his form and face
Harbor force in the guise of grace;
And the courage of more than one venturous race
Warms the smile of the coureur de bois.

Dangers, many, his days beset;
Desolation he oft has met;
Death has passed him close by; but pale Dread
never yet
Cast a shade o'er the coureur de bois.

* *Coureur de bois*.—It is scarcely necessary to apologize for the introduction of this French title, in an English descriptive ballad, as every one a little familiar with Northwest American and Canadian pioneer lore knows that the terms scout, guide, trapper, *voyageur*, etc., will not express the calling of a *coureur de bois*, who is (or was) all these, and more, when fully up to the requirements of his occupation.

Few his halts, his wanderings far;
Hunger, thirst, his familiars are;
His sole hearth-fire's the sun; earth his bed; some
 cold star
 Guards the sleep of the coureur de bois.

Oft, for many men, life or death,
Doubtful, hang on the truth and faith
Word and courage and strength, eye and ear, foot
 and breath,
 Hand and heart, of a coureur de bois!

So 't is now. At the settlement
He's awaited ere night be spent;
When his promise is given, when his will's firmly
 bent,
 What can Fate, 'gainst a coureur de bois?

Ghostlike, under the cedars low,
Fugitive forms and murmurs flow;
With the heart's-blood of summer, red maple-leaves
 strow
 The wild path of the coureur de bois.

Startled moose steal warily by;
Panthers shrill from a distance cry;
In a phalanx wedge-shaped, wild geese clang as
 they fly
 Southward, over the coureur de bois.

Gaunt, gigantic, one ancient pine,
Outpost last of the forest line,
Seems to beckon or mock with a meaning malign
In the way of the coureur de bois.

Crows flap over him, wind-bested;
Whirring night-hawks wheel round his head;
Clouds eclipse the broad disc of the moon; sudden
shade
Falls at once on the coureur de bois.

Snow clouds! Gathering low and lower,
Pall-like, drooping the opening o'er;
From the rapids a heightened and menacing roar
Strikes the ear of the coureur de bois.

“Do your utmost, cold, snow, and storm!
Hope and memory keep me warm;
Thoughts of Emilie, flower of the fort, hold a
charm
Against harm,” feels the coureur de bois.

Faintly lit by the low moonrise,
North, west, eastward, the prairie lies
Pathless, shrouded all o'er by the first snow that
flies
In the face of the coureur de bois.

Hark, a sound to the south, this way
Borne by the wind. “Or the wild dog’s bay,
Or the wood cat’s shrill wail for her cub, or his prey
Gone astray?” asks the coureur de bois.

Dark, to sou'west, a large blot lies.
Up the prairie it moves,—it hies
Ere to windward it wavering wanders, and tries
For the track of the coureur de bois.

Holding his breath, he starts. “What cheer?
Ola!” With a whistle, high, steady and clear,
And the stalk of a redskin, the spring of a deer,
Onward strides the tall coureur de bois.

“Food grown scarce on the hills? My store
Men will need before winter's o'er,
And your appetites keen 't would but sharpen for
more,
Brothers gray,” thinks the coureur de bois.

What's to be done, he asks his mind;
Craft or courage? Which best, to find
Out of danger a way—famished fury behind,
Storm ahead of the coureur de bois?

“You never listened to Orpheus' lyre,
Treacherous quadrupeds, deaf as dire,—
Till a man's lost his breath, keeping quite beyond
fire!”
Rails, perplexed, the coureur de bois.

“Still, I've struggled through worse—to win.
Death's a trite fact to an Algonquin;
And a Frenchman can sing on doom's edge—then
dance in.”
Laughs the half-breed coureur de bois.

“Faith of my mother! Yet ’twere no jest,
Young and hopeful, of love possess,
An unchristianlike burial to give in the breast
Of a wolf, to a *coureur de bois*!

“More than life, too, or gold’s at stake,
Emilie, for thy charming sake;
No, my promise to meet thee this morn, I’ll not
break,
On the soul of a *coureur de bois*!”

Heavy’s the burden his shoulders bear;
Letters, messages, words of cheer;
Orders, weapons, seeds, victuals, furs, feminine
gear,
Load the pack of the *coureur de bois*.

“Off with it all! What use to complain,
When, by Need, white Honor lies slain?
But, till now, from Du Lhut to Chatillon,* no
stain
Blurred the roll of the *coureurs de bois*!”

He bends his brow in a settled frown,
Clutches his rifle, and gathers down
His scarlet capote o’er his visage nut-brown.
On, on, flies the *coureur de bois*.

* Du Lhut, Chatillon. Well known *coureurs de bois*, among whom Du Lhut was a famous chief, about 1680. The town of Duluth in Minnesota was named in honor of him.

Light as a swallow he skims the plain.
Scores to one. Must brute win? May brain?
The pack for a moment hangs back, then again
Hurries after the *coureur de bois*.

“Ha, there’s spirit in this! Than gaze,
Starved, half-frozen, athirst, for days
At the wilderness’ voiceless and motionless face,—
Rather this,” thinks the *coureur de bois*.

“Still, by wolves a man’s soon outrun;
Brief’s my respite!” He loads his gun,—
Fires,—of twenty good bullets reserving but one;
“For myself!” vows the *coureur de bois*.

Hideous feast on the snowy plain!
Horror and carnage!—“They snarl and strain
For the blood of their brothers, as fiercely as men,
On the faith of a *coureur de bois*!”

Nearer, nearer, over the heath,
Reeking fangs and smoking breath,
Sharpened hunger and anger,—a terrible death
Fast approaching the *coureur de bois*.

“Soon ’t will be over! Rather die
So, than in lingering torture lie
Till one gasps one’s last, hell’s fiends mocking by
Ere their time,” thinks the *coureur de bois*.

“Then, what’s this, to the frightful fate
Bravely borne,—nay, with souls elate,

By the Titans of whom oft my grandam would
prate

To encourage her coureur de bois?

“Great Brébœuf, whose marvelling foes
Ate his heart, drank his blood! Who knows
But my forefathers—! Well, ’t is no coward stream
flows

Through the veins of the coureur de bois!

“Jogues, Bressani, Milet!* They sung
Heavenly anthems while torture-wrung
On the ice, at the stake, without lips, without
tongue!

Martyrs, hail!” The coureur de bois

Signs his brow with the Christian’s sign.—

“Ah!—A chance!—S^{te} Anne so benign,
For this seraph-sent thought I’ll give thanks at
thy shrine,

Like a grateful coureur de bois!”

Quick, he takes from his gray cape’s fold
His flageolet, rude, rustic, and old,
Yet as mouthpiece not wholly unworthy the bold
Dauntless breast of the coureur de bois.

**Brébœuf, Jogues, Bressani, Milet.*—Jesuit missionaries in the early days of the European invasions of America. Milet, to whom the Iroquois gave the title of “Walking Death,” was compelled to sing the *Veni Creator* to amuse his captors; Bressani sang hymns amid atrocious tortures; Jean de Brébœuf was a man of such extraordinary bravery and endurance that his wild foes partook of his flesh and blood, in order, as they said, to acquire something of his grandeur.

“Phew-ee-ew!” Would he wake the dead?
Summon the storm, or an army sped?
That long trill is a token that strength has not fled
The free lungs of the *coureur de bois*.

“Hasten and help, my memory!
Not with amorous melody,
Or with carols well suited to evenings of glee
Spent with comrade *coureurs de bois*,

“But with airs transporting, whose life, whose
glow,
Rhythm resistless, strong swing and go,
By time’s law move the foot at time’s will, fast or
slow;
Speak, command, for a *coureur de bois*!”

He turns; he faces the nearing swarm.
Keen, clear, piercing, over the storm
High upriser tone’s magic, invisible charm.
On the breath of the *coureur de bois*.—

Music! Electric, magnetic might!
Ruler, pulse, of each ray of light,
Or the gleam that inhabits the glance dark and
bright
Of the eye of the *coureur de bois*,—

Sound from thine undiscovered height!—
Will!—As once, amid chaos’ night!

Wave the wand that leads worlds in euphonious
flight,

O'er the path of the *coureur de bois*!

Lend new sense to the deaf, and bind

Brutish rage in thy fetters kind!

Shed thy spell through the spirit and meaning en-
shrined

In the strains of the *coureur de bois*!—

Hark! War-marches of Scot, Gael, Gaul!

Stirring pibroch, wild mountain-call,

And the chant that vibrates from stockade and
from wall

As a greeting to *coureurs de bois*;

Huron halloo, the fight before;

Iroquois' dance when the battle's o'er;

And the whoop that rings up through the cataract's
roar

As a signal to *coureurs de bois*;

Time unwavering, accent bold,

Tone in full, steady stream unrolled;—

There's a height and a depth still unsounded, un-
told,

In the soul of the *coureur de bois*!

Like one wolf, to his minstrelsy

Forward march they, and backward he;

“That you never met Orpheus, is lucky for me,”

Thinks the hopeful *coureur de bois*.

While to the time of the tune they sway,
Fast or slow, as he wills to play,
Black night and her storm-brood creep slowly away
From the world and the *coureur de bois*.

“What! A halt! And wherefore?” A wail,
Long and dissonant, rides the gale;
“E’en a Tory’s long ear at such music would
quail,”
Pausing, thinks the *coureur de bois*.

He turns. Joy fills his dauntless breast;
“Sweet St^e Anne and the Virgin blest,
’Tis the fort! ’Tis the haven of rapture and rest
To a hard-prest *coureur de bois*!”

Welcome, the clearing’s narrow bound!
Welcome, the ancient burial mound,
And the fire-blasted firs grouped like sentinels
round!
’Tis heaven’s gate, to the *coureur de bois*!

Welcome, the maize-field’s stubble worn!
The sunflower patches, half upturn!
And the cot where sweet Emilie sleeps this cold
morn,
Dreaming dreams of her *coureur de bois*!

Welcome, welcome, the woodfire clear,
Hearty hand-clasp, and warm cup’s cheer,

And the kiss swiftly stolen from his heart's darling
dear,

As she flies to her *coureur de bois*!

* * * * *

“Friends! I’ve always given, you know,
Bullet for bite, for a scratch, a blow;
But today I can’t look on a wolf as a foe;
Hunt without one *coureur de bois*.

“Trackless waters I’ve sailed upon;
Broken pathways where path was none;
Yet of all my adventures, one strange as this one
Ne’er was told by *coureur de bois*.

“Good as it stands, ’t is not too long;
Then ’t were pity to spoil a song;
Moral, epilogue, tag, are bad taste, nor belong
To the style of a *coureur de bois*.

“Where stood Virtue, where Vice, friends, say?
Wolves are fated to starve or slay;
But we men?—Retribution might hit far astray,
Meted out by a *coureur de bois*.

“Man’s a bad judge of Sir Wolf, I fear;
I knew not that he owned an ear
Twenty times better far than a single man here
Boasts,—except,—one *coureur de bois*!

“And, in some Happy Hunting Spot
’T were awkward to greet—I’d rather not
Meet the soul of a wolf I had piped to—then shot!
Go without your *coureur de bois*!”

MAY'S WEDDING.

(Two-Part Song.)

Blooming Spring has come to woo
Dainty darling—"March!"—That shrew?
Bankrupt Winter's oldest child,
Harsh, aggressive, shrill-voiced, wild?—
"Then, by verdurous field and wood!
'Tis young April's maidenhood!
Leaping blood and lyric mood!
Discord beckoning concord good!"—
Hoyden April? Pout and pet,
Baby tears and madcap fret,
Peach no bee has ever stung,
Song that's written,—but unsung,—
Nymph who knows that rosebuds yearn,
Yet who will not swear,—"I burn!"
Spring addressed her, one warm day,
But that hour was stolen from—May!

Singing sister, join, with me,
Nature's bridal harmony!
Dovelike, lovelike, sweet and sweet,
O'er and o'er the song repeat;
Echo o'er and o'er again
Rhythmic word and rapturous strain

Till the blazing sun grows cold,
Sky-set Venus blind, gray, old!
May and Spring and Spring and May,
Hail their halcyon wedding day!

Where a dawnlit garden glows,
Laughs a rich, resplendent rose;
Youth's that Cytherean bower;
Joy's that amaranthine flower;
On the rose within the grove
Broods the bird of heaven,—sweet Love,
Pulse of every vital stream,
Heart of every noble dream,
Mighty Love whose magic lay
Charms opposing Fate away.
There a million leaves, aswing,
Light as emerald joybells ring;
There each floating wind's a flute,
There each lulling wave's a lute,
There, to aid the ecstatic choir,
Giant pinetrees sweep the lyre;
Nightingales in chorus chaunt
Round a fane, and o'er a font
Mountains bow like priests to bless,
Melting snows the witnesses.
Northern lights the torches hold,
Suns the ring of virgin gold,
Moons the silver crown will proffer,
Stars the marriage garland offer;
Ocean, fired with inward flames

Since he heard these lovers' names,
Will a diamond carpet spread
Which from land to land they'll tread
While mankind exultantly
Swells the dazzling pageantry!

Singing sister, join with me
Nature's bridal harmony!
Dovelike, lovelike, sweet and sweet,
O'er and o'er the song repeat;
Echo o'er and o'er again
Rhythmic word and rapturous strain
Till the blazing sun grows cold,
Sky-set Venus blind, gray, old!
May and Spring and Spring and May,
Hail their halcyon wedding day!

LOVE BEYOND ALL.

I reigned on a cliff illumed by sunrise;
Now, o'er a crag night-clouded and pale
Curst Doom has struck me down from the mountain
And set me deep in the darkened vale!

My diadem crushed, my kingdom conquered,
My war steed captured, my light lance cleft,
Of fame and freedom and friend and father,
Fell Fate remorseless has me bereft.

Rosebud of morning! Starbeam of midnight!
Sancha!—Why art thou Christian, girl?
Thy lips are red as flowers of Granada,
Thy teeth are whiter than Indian pearl!

Black as the mane of my steed Al-Morrah,
Thy long locks over thy shoulders roll;
Close as this dungeon, moon of Xarama,
That shining net imprisons my soul!

I'd give my life for my ancient glory,
Treasures and armies, kingdom and crown;
I'd give my crown for my steed Al-Morrah,
And one sharp dagger to call my own;

I'd give my steed and my sharp, strong dagger,
 Father and friend to embrace once more;
And friend and father, to hear thee, Sancha,
 Cry "Love!" as I pass thee, toward death's dark
 door!

ST. CECILIA.

Down Time's long night thy life's pathetic story
Streams pale and clear as moonlight's mellow glory,
Fair pearl encrusted in a missal quaint,
Sweet maid or sweeter saint
Cecilia !

While, singing, thou didst wander ways secluded,—
And jasmines whiter grew, and violets brooded
On earth's unblighted bloom when Eve was blest
'Mid Eden's vanished rest,—
Cecilia,

With rose-crown shading eyes, as angel's holy,
How lovelier far thy pensive melancholy
Than Raphael, Titian, Dolci dreamed of thee
In artist ecstasy,
Cecilia !

If sudden sunlight stormy dawn surprises,
From dewy bowers song-shaken odor rises ;
So rose thy heart's rich incense, prayer and song,
When Christian faith was young,
Cecilia !

The force occult in heavenly music folden,
The love that may to martyr deeds embolden,
Inspired thy gentle being, and made thee
Embodied melody,
Cecilia !

But didst thou live indeed, or wert thou only
Some poet-priest's ideal, pure and holy?
Nay, I will keep belief in thee serene,
For saints like thee have been,
Cecilia !

O'er legend-haunted tomb, one lily slender
Sheds radiance soft as new-risen spirit's splendor ;
So doth thy dulcet memory illumine
The cloister's antique gloom,
Cecilia !

WOOD-RIVULET.

Wood-rivulet wildly flowing,
I bend o'er thy crystal tide
When, swift to a far goal going,
Thy luminous waters glide
In melody clear and simple,
In harmony pure and free,
With sun-polished cheek, adimple
As winter had ne'er touched thee!

This way comes a sad wind's sighing;
Across the horizon's bound
An ominous cloud-bank's lying,—
A sorrow that breathes no sound;
Thy lilt not a fear confesses!
Thy dance tosses dole behind;
Thy face in its play expresses
No shade, or of sky, or mind.

Yet art thou, sweet brook, dissembling?
Up, up, from that breast of thine,
A deeper emotion, trembling,
Responds to the voice of mine!
Wood-rivulet wildly fleeting,
Some grief at thy heart must sob,
Else why should my pulses, beating
In time to thy pulses, throb?

RING AND KISS.

(Two-Part Song.)

Flower of the fountain,
Bud half blown,
Give me a kiss ere the sun goes down!

Wind of the mountain,
Wooer bold,
Give me a ring from your shrine of gold!

A chest and a gem-set key
Guard that shrine,—on my hunter's back;
That key's with my huntsman; he,—
Alas and alack!
Is afar, at the chase on the mountain!

A rose and a pearl-set key
Guard the kiss that between them lies;
That key's with my mother; she,—
As your huntsman wise,
Is afar, at the fair by the fountain!

LOVER'S BOAT SONG.

Come hither, earth's dearest daughter,
With exquisite motion's flow,—
The musical sway of water
When south winds over it blow,—
Come hither, asleep June's lying,
Stars, roses, on brow and breast,
In heaven not a cloudlet's flying,
On earth every leaf's at rest;
Come hither, night's noon is burning;
Away from the world, to me
Come hither, where tides are turning
Toward lands that resemble thee!

Two isles in a realm dream-haunted,
Two islands that should be one,
Encircled by airs enchanted,
Await thee, my spirit's sun!
No longer their cloud-caught sighing
Floats o'er them like unshed rain,
Lone island to isle replying
“I thirst in the midst of the main!”
From island to isle I've builded
A bridge for thy foot to tread;
By stars as they fell 't was gilded,
By jasmine, earth's star, 't is spread;

There maiden magnolias glisten
Like moons amid emerald gloom,
There eglantine-rose, thy sister,
Dreams dreams of thy pale pink bloom;
There delicate hyacinth voices
O'er violet murmurs rise,
As when thy soft laugh rejoices
In pause of thy low replies.

Our barque waits at Morning's portal
On waves that exhaustless rise
From fountains of youth immortal
And rivers of Paradise;
Desire and Impatience man it,
My heart is our anchor true,
Our polestar's a twinborn planet,—
Those sapphires thy soul looks through!
Of moonbeams our sails are woven,
Of sunbeams I've shaped each spar,
Our mast's from the lightning cloven,
Our lamp is the morning star,
A pennant of lute-strings golden
I've twined: by Delight, sweet elf,
Our diamonded helm is holden:
Our captain's Great Love himself!

Though menacing sprites unholy,
Around us may rage and rave,
Though mermaidens melancholy
Sigh under the ruffled wave.

Though foambells, o'er breakers dashing,
Like hands of the drowning rise,
Though sparkles from wave-crest flashing
Look up like expiring eyes,
Though imps of destruction hover
Beside us with baleful breath,—
The faith of a fearless lover
Disarms the angel of death!

Then come where mirage Elysian
Transfigures the charmèd ground
Where wanders poetic vision,
Where magical tones resound,
Where every wild bird's repeating
Some song he hath learned from thine,
Where music's warm heart is beating
With throbs such as swell through mine.
There, Fancy our fate enfolding
As in some invisible star,
Illusion our lives withholding
From worldly regard afar,
At Hope's fairest shrine we'll offer
My truth and thy purity,
And Love the bright gift we proffer
Will guard through eternity!

LOVE'S REQUIEM.

(Two-Part Song.)

Farewell weal and farewell woe,
Night is falling, Love lies low ;
Love, celestial sprite, has sped
Like a vision vanished.
Low, low, lullaby ;
Didst thou dream that Love could die ?—
“ Sister, no ; but Love would so ;
“ Sing Love’s requiem, let Love go !

“ Love had wings from head to heel ;
“ Windlike wandered Love’s light will ;
“ On the wave Love built his nest ;
“ Love with sand bound breast to breast.
“ Low, low, lullaby ;
“ Like a lost dream let Love die ;
“ Calm thy woe ; it must be so ;
“ Sing Love’s requiem, let Love go !”

Can a maid unloving go,
Though Love’s joy be drowned in woe ?
Loveless life,—oh, living death,
Rose without the rose’s breath !
Low, low, lullaby ;
Who would live if Love must die ?
“ Slow and slow, and rave not so ;
“ Sing Love’s requiem, let Love go !”

Perish, life, if Love's undone ;
Love, creation's glowing sun !
"Nay, nay ; like dew in May.
"Reason melts in Love's least ray."
Low, low, lullaby ;
Must sweet Love in blossom die ?
"Curb wild fancy's fervid flow ;
"Sing Love's requiem, let Love go !

"Line Love's shrine with rosebuds red
"(Blushes faded, kisses fled) ;
"Wreath Love's shroud with rosebuds white
"(Bloom woe-worn by Love's despite) ;
"Low, low, lullaby ;
"On Love's bier let cypress lie ;
"Bitter tears for dew bestow ;
"Sing Love's requiem, let Love go !

"Trace Love's name delusively
"With a moonbeam on the sea ;
"In the belladonna's shade
"Be Love's burning memory laid ;
"Low, low, lullaby ;
"Ring Love's knell and let Love die ;
"Say farewell ; Fate wills it so ;
"Sing Love's requiem, let Love go !

"Shun that shade as thou would'st flee
"Poison-breathing upas tree ;
"Passion's arrows threaten there,
"Stings of anguish, fangs of despair !

“Low, low, lullaby ;
“Wile and guile, there let them lie ;
“Heart’s-delight, forget thy foe ;
“Sing Love’s requiem, let Love go !”

If Love ’s lost, then lost is all !
Wind the world in frozen pall,
Down gray chaos let it roll
Waste, a world’s condemned soul ;
Low, low, lullaby ;
Light, light’s source, extinguished lie ;
Death and darkness life o’erthrow ;
Sing Love’s requiem, let Love go !

BARD OF THE SUNSET SONG.

Tall oaks, light elms gray-green,
Dark linden leaves o'erlean;
There,—druid of the trees
And sylvan mysteries,—
One lone, prophetic thrush
Stirs eve's impassioned hush
With hymeneal chaunts of night and day,
With mellow anthems that to dusk belong.
Sing o'er and o'er again thy golden lay,
Sweet soul of twilight, bard of the sunset song!

His mate's brown nest looks west;
On guard above her rest
He gazes at the sun;
And when June's day is done,
Far over darkening bowers
That garnered light he showers
In glowing marriage-hymns of night and day,
In mellow anthems that to dusk belong;
Sing o'er and o'er again thy golden lay,
Sweet soul of twilight, bard of the sunset song!

THE HIDDEN FOUNTAIN.

Beneath a mountain crevice a fountain lay concealed
In all its crystal beauty, for ages unrevealed.
With line and lead and beaker men sought to reach
and sound
The fountain's secret, vainly; that source no seeker
found;
Unreached, untouched, untasted, flowed on the
virgin wave,
And ne'er to wearied wanderer its sweet refresh-
ment gave,
Till, one ambrosial morning, a man at soul a child,
Beloved of heaven,—a poet,—leaned o'er that fis-
sure wild.
He struck his silver harpstrings with fingers soft
and strong,
His heart, too full for silence, leaped to his lips in
song
Lamenting ill—so wrongly, so dimly understood!—
And then, all joy, exulting in ample after good;
That song was warm and human; harmonious,
since 't was so;
It scaled the heights of being, and soothed, in
love, the low;
Alive, afire, impassioned with great imaginings,
From time and space divided, it rose on sovereign
wings.

Melodious power resistless, through iron nerve and
vein
Like light, heat, motion, stealing, dissolved each
ancient chain;
A throb, a fluttering murmur! In sympathetic
play
That fountain's pulse re-echoed the spirit of the
lay,
And higher and fuller rising, cool, lucent, liberal,
sweet,
Its wealth of hoarded waters flowed out at the
singer's feet!

THE ROSE-STAR.

One star of wide heaven grew weary; down fath-
omless deeps of blue
He sank in a rosebud's bosom, transformed to a
drop of dew,
And dwelt amid balm and beauty, dissolving in
rich repose,
While aspiration supernal disturbed the heart of
the rose.
Wild, winglike, her leaflets waving, she strove
from her stem to rise,
And sought for a voice, to utter the meaning of
silent sighs;
Consumed by anguish and rapture, her loveliness
lapsed away;
One fragrant, fluttering heartburst! In ruin and
death she lay.
Her sorrowing sister roses rained tears on the
green parterre;
One angel lily, gold haloed, leaned o'er her in
breathless prayer.

Through twilight's tremulous glamour and dusky
dream-bloom, afar
There burns on the veiled horizon the torch of
that errant star;

With fire so profound, impassioned, not lambent
Orion glows;—
'Tis fed by thy radiant spirit! It echoes thy soul,
sweet rose!

CONNOR'S BRIDE.

Down moonlit woods went Connor's bride,
Where jasmine stars like snowflakes shone;
Where down the vale one nightingale
Poured, wave on wave, wild tone on tone.

“Why roam the valley, Connor's bride,
To chide the sun ere stars be gone,
To cherish bale ere grief assail,
To harvest sorrow yet unsown?”

“Thou followest phantoms, Connor's bride;
Go hence, where Hope awaits her own!
Go, morning hail! O'er larks prevail!
Go, wreathe Love's rose ere summer's flown!”

“Nay, like loves like,” sighed Connor's bride;
“Sad nightingale despair has known;
Sweet jasmine frail is passion-pale;
With her I pine, with him make moan!”

AN APRIL SONG.

The first share severs the first brown clod,
The first scent floats from the first moist sod,
The first blade waves in the first kind breeze,
The first sap drips from the first live trees,
The first weed sways on the first smooth billow,
The first down falls from the first bright willow,
The first brook melts from the mist-hung mountain,
The first spray leaps from the noon-kissed fountain,
The first fly drones in the first warm hour,
The first bee hums round the first pale flower,
The first frog pipes in the first mild eves,
The first dove coos in the first green leaves,
The first seed-wing from the aspen flutters,
The first spring-idyl the bluebird utters,
The first light step on the soft turf's springing,
The first clear song at the casement's ringing,
The first full pulses of Nature's heart
Through April's virginal bosom start!

Get ye behind me, shades of the tomb!
Nor mock false Fancy from coigns of gloom
With eyes in doubt and despair long dead,
Aglare with frost of wild tears unshed!
Avaunt! In greening grave-moss I see
The pledge of mine immortality!

Avaunt! It dawns on the night, the light
That every fen-fire will put to flight!
Haste onward, herald of nobler days!
Peal upward, prelude of purer lays!
Melt, chains! Glow, ice! Shine, darkness! Rejoice,
Long folded pinions, long silent voice!

While April's radiant rainbow car
Rolls on victorious across our star,
Auroral meteors southward turn,
Transfigured glaciers like lovers burn;
With Dionysian stress and strain
Song chases song through the minstrel's brain;
By violet mem'ries of youth beguiled,
The old man weeps like an April child;
"*O bel' Aprilé!*" Italian maids
Sing o'er and o'er in the myrtle glades,
And weave rose garlands and dance and sing
While Easter bells in the chapel swing;
But when wild nightingale wakes his strain
Of love's capricious delight and pain,
Red lips turn paler in sunset glow,
And murmur, "Can he my secret know?"
With Hebe-step to the woodland hies
The blue-eyed girl under northern skies,
And when she bends where a pink-white nun
Dreams on of snow through a prayer for sun,
She asks arbutus, "Can this be love
That thrills my being, and fills the grove?"
For blushes break o'er the sapphire sky,

Each beam is a kiss, each breeze a sigh;
The wing of a wandering fairy tale
Wafts marriage-music down every gale;
The south has wedded the yielding north!
The sprites of flowers to the feast fly forth!
The temple portals half open stand!
The altar glory crowns sea and land!

Celestial presage of new-born truth
Hail, Primavera! Immortal youth!
Hail, April, sibylline vestal-witch,
Fulfilment's prophetess promise-rich!
Hail, Psyche-April! Without a fear
Advance, and raising thy cresset clear,
Behold where beautiful Eros waits
That signal lamp at the summer gates!
Hail, Iris-April, who wound for me
The call, that, piercing eternity,
With silvery clangor my soul-sleep broke
And I to life's resonant phasma woke
By Avon water and Arden wood,
Those tones vibrating through all my blood!

Sing hail, chaste morn's ethereal bloom!
Sing hail, bold eve's tumultuous gloom!
Sing hail, broad field's instantaneous flush!
Sing hail, swift rain's irresistible rush!
Sing hail, fresh flood's precipitate flow!
Sing hail, vast azure's Olympian glow!
Sing hail, deep pæan of pure delight!

Sing hail, sure sign of ineffable might!
When earth, like her own transfigured sprite,
Whirls dancing, singing, through seas of light
As now shone the dawn of creation's sun,
And long-spun cycles were yet to run,—
When life leaps forward to welcome spring
And greet the future,—whate'er it may bring,—
I revel in rapture without alloy,
For I feel that I worship while I enjoy!

DREAM OF THE DALE.

'Mid stormy clouds the moon awoke;
Her smile the spell of darkness broke,
And now from azure deep and clear
She silvers wood and field and mere.

Hope of the vale!
Pure and pale
Muse of the dale!

Kind moonbeam, kiss the mountain peak
Where she at parting would not speak;
Where he from mossy sod upore
The wild flowers she had wandered o'er;

Bliss of the vale!
Pure and pale
Bloom of the dale!

One sailed to seek the setting sun;
To meet the coming morn went one;
Ten thousand miles apart, afar!
Yet thou canst find them both, sweet star,

Light of the vale!
Pure and pale
Lamp of the dale!

Salute her distant window pane!
Illumine his path across the main!
And hast thou found them, planet fair?
Two truer hearts thou 'lt find nowhere,
 Saint of the vale!
 Pure and pale
 Dream of the dale!

INFINITE VARIETY.

(Two-Part Song.)

On Monday I'm a sensitive, retiring, shy, and
tender;

On Tuesday night a jessamine, all passionate pale
splendor;

On Wednesday like an almond flower in dazzling
bloom and lustre;

On Thursday, darkly, softly sweet, a modest violet
cluster;

On Friday bland and fresh as dew-pearled lilies of
the water;

On Saturday a moss-veiled rose's youngest, love-
liest daughter;—

“But when, on Sunday morn, while bells are
chiming, organs quiring,

I hear that thrilling voice, and meet those glances
love-inspiring,

I dream thee then a day-born star, dawn's bright-
est emanation,

The pulse, the music of the air, the heart of God's
creation,

And know thee fairer far than star, flower, spirit
superhuman,—

The salt of strife, the crown of life, a bliss-be-
stowing woman!”

THE SWEETEST STORY.

Beneath a vine-bower bloom-laden
There gossipped two comrades old
Where mused a lily-cheeked maiden,
Brown-eyed, with ringlets of gold.

“When midsummer time’s returning
In uniform green and blue,
I feel my old wounds fresh burning;
Were fighting again to do!”

“When birds on the trees are singing,
And lambs in the pasture stray,
My crutch to the deuce outflinging,
Fain would I like them go play!”

Close trellised vine branches darkled;
But opaline evening dew
On clustering vine leaves sparkled;
Attentive, the moon looked through.

With treacherous shudder and shiver,—
Awake when the owl, even, slept,—
The false wind betrayed to the river
Some trusts which he ought to have kept;

The river, ’mid reeds, amid rushes,
Ran fraught with that murmurous rune;

The reeds, in low whispers and hushes,
To air gave each secret of June,—

The last, choicest scandal, of rose's
Duelos, with thorns to be fought;
The fact that when morn's eye uncloses,
A bee in the linden-bud's caught;

Carnation's mishap,—and no wonder,—
She laced her green bodice so tight,
Miss Pink said it must break asunder;
Hush, jasmines have ears, in the night!

“Relate, of all these, the best story;
Who told it? Wind, water, leaf, reed?
Old comrades regretting war's glory?
Pink, chiding Carnation's misdeed?”

Ask the moon. With love's eloquence laden,
To her was the sweetest tale told
In the smile of the lily-cheeked maiden,
Brown-eyed, with ringlets of gold!

SONNETS ON MUSIC

(CHIEFLY IRREGULAR).

PALESTRINA.

White in the pure ideal's purest glow,
Beside primeval founts of harmony,
That fane, oh Palestrina, built by thee,
Stands far remote from stormy floods below;
Transparent waves of clearest euphony
In benediction through its cloisters flow;
About its firm foundations come and go
Soft echoes of seraphic ecstasy;—
Come, enter, wounded spirit, weary heart!
Here all is peace ineffable, benign!
Here bloom the mystic lilies that impart
Celestial balm to bleeding souls like thine;
Here springs the source of uncorrupted Art!
Here Faith's unblemished rays forever shine!

BEETHOVEN.

Thou Alp of tone's high range! To that vain soul
Who hopes to exalt himself while landing thee,
With hollow phrase, affected mystery,
Translating thine oracular thunder-roll,
Thy wonder-world will nothing more unfold
Than wastes where warring winds blow every way,
Perplexing paths that lead his steps astray,
And crags that blind him with their scornful cold.
But he who seeks in faith thy lofty fane,
Walks with the mountain spirit's majesty;
For him dark clefts their hidden flowers contain;
While o'er some peak sublime, he, blest, may see,
Beyond the verge of this low sensual plain
Outspread, the splendours of infinity.

BEETHOVEN'S SEVENTH SYMPHONY.

A flood of color and luxuriant line,
A radiant torrent of vitality,
A dance of the age of gold, a revelry
Of Titans, goddesses; a masque divine!
Upswings the flowering thyrse, while swift they flee
And meet, pursue and part, dissolve, entwine,
In living chains of beauty strong and fine,
In plenitude of being, jubilant, free!
Along harmonious waves of cosmic motion
Float, splendid dancers! Chant, ecstatic chorus,
Creation's joy, as chanted stars before us;
And sing what prayer but whispers:—that emotion
Which makes us one with yonder planets o'er us,
One with eternity's unfathomed ocean!

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

Thou Oberon, lord of wonderhorn and wand!
Thou Prospero, from thought's isle-solitude
Encircling earth with music's Ariel-mood!
Thou Merlin of the mind's Brocéliande,
The magic of thy bardic staff's command
With golden tone has every breath imbued
That floats o'er knightly field or demon wood,
Or gypsy heath or mermaid-haunted strand!
As cruel Viveliane to captive doom
Allured the enchanter through his own wild spell,
To death thy muse drew thee; as, ages long,
His voice pealed forth, prophetic, from that tomb,
So sounds, so shall sound, thine; an oracle
Foretelling destinies yet unknown to Song!

FRANZ SCHUBERT.

In deep melodious trance thy life did flow
As flows some vast and visionary stream
Along the haunted margin of a dream
Enthralling, rich in rapture, wild with woe!
Whate'er across that flood of power supreme
Might float, with loveliness it could endow;
With glamour of its own intrinsic glow,
With fervid poesy's impassioned gleam;
And in its mirror shadows moved, that are
And are not; virgin Love; young Hope, more
 bright
Than on the front of night the first fair star;
Lost memories; shipwrecked orbs of vanished
 light;
While o'er the immense tone-breathing solitude
One sovereign spirit did forever brood.

THE TANNHAUSER OVERTURE.

Imagination traced this bold design;
From deep emotion flowed chromatic bloom,
Rich as some orient amulet's perfume,
O'er its strange web's elusive woof and line.
'T was woven in that domain of infinite tone,
Where storms unborn sleep on 'neath planets dim,
Suns drowned in dark mirage, lost moons that swim
Through seas magnetic. There, 'mid wastes unknown,
Strong souls wave errant pinions that impede
Their path in passion's trancèd atmosphere—
Slow-stirred by phantom sighs, and thrills of fear,—
Past streams of light to hideous gulfs that lead,
In hope to reach some high impossible fate,
Supernal Beauty, Horror, Love, or Hate!

A REMONSTRANCE.

Though Liszt's rhapsodic dream of wandering
 sound,
And Chopin's fervid eloquence I praise,—
Though I adore the pure, poetic lays
In which Mozart's fine nature language found,—
Though Handel, voicing pastoral Hebrew days,
Awakes my soul to aspiration strong,—
Italian suns transmuted into song
Shall I disdain, nor meet to these, just praise?
Not so! Dove's monotone is richly sweet,
Though nightingales entone such Protean lays;
Myrtle, bay, violet, are not incomplete,
Though roses bloom, flower-queens, through myriad
 Mays;
Oh, let me, loving loftiest music more,
Love what is lowlier none the less therefore!

NIGHTINGALE AND CROW.

(An Italian Apologue.)

Through fragrant star and moonlit Tuscan bowers
Sad nightingale's impassioned ecstasy
Poured dulcet tones whose liquid melody
Fell soft as dew from dreaming valley-flowers;
Song's rapture, love-inspired, the grove did fill
With heavenly harmony, divine delight;
One low-voiced fountain like the heart of night
Throbbled far away; all other sound was still.
Harsh-throated crow then dared disturb that song
With arrogant croak — "What fine concert we
make!"

One hiss—one rush—the scornful woodland throng
Slew strident crow for nightingale's sweet sake.
Ah, were some owls of ours as wise! But no;
They stab the nightingale—and crown the crow.

SONETTO QUASI FANTASIA.

There floats a phantom Fancy, vision bright,
In that abyss where captive Passions sleep;
Sighs, burning sighs exhaling from that deep,
Enthrall the sense, enshroud the soul in night.
Wake, music! Pierce, with resonance like light,
The vaporous glamour! Swell, harmonious surge!
Drown discord! Waft from that precipitate verge
Tormented thought on wings of seraph might
Through realms more pure, and through serener air
Above eclipse and nightmare-turmoil dire,—
Faint-lit by conscience' pallid beacon-fire!—
Beyond the possible, beyond the known,
To thine enchanted paradise of tone,
Where life is love; and love, transfigured prayer.

REMEMBERED MUSIC.

If e'er the wanderer finds in some dim grot
Safe sheltered from June sun, a violet
Like dark-stoled novice in calm cloister set,
That shade becomes for him a charmèd spot
Where May in early beauty blooms anew,—
As mirage-fairy fresh o'er desert plain
In tropic heat arising;—born again
Of one small flower's sweet breath and modest hue.
So he who hears in age some gentle strain
Long, long unheard, but yet remembered well,
Feels youthful love, hope, life, his heart and brain
Renew, and through his wearied pulses swell,
And, half forgot Time's deeper, riper lore,
He roams in song through springs that are no more.

FOLK-SONGS.

Sun-fringed showers that drift with silvery feet
Down gold-green valleys on a summer day;
Delicious wafts from new-mown meadow hay
Afloat o'er lawns where every flower is sweet;
Spring brooks that leap and wind and laugh and
 play
Beside a river's large, slow, measured swell;
Clear chime from high church tower, of crystal bell
That strikes through organ-tones while suppliants
 pray;
Stars softly throbbing round the full-orbed moon;
Pellucid pearls, encircling jewels rare
As violets stud rose garlands, yet seem fair;
Thrush melody, though with the lark 't is June;—
Such these wild songs, pure, fresh, spontaneous,
 free,
Heard amid more majestic minstrelsy.

FOLK-SINGERS.

What far and fairy fount these singers taught
The songs they sang so warmly and so well?
Whence flowed the healthy power, the vital spell
From which their glowing purity they caught?—
They followed but the simple clues that lead
From Man's to Nature's heart. Their pulse was
 stirred

By love of her; they talked with her, gave heed
To those fine truths she speaks in song of bird,
In ring of metal, drop of leaf, or gush
Of fountain from the rock, or ocean's flow,
Or sigh of grass, or stormy hurricane rush;
And in some passionate hour, their joy, their woe
They uttered in her universal tongue,
Unconscious as herself, while thus they sung.

EVENSONG.

When clouds in clear-obscure half veil the moon;
When dew's fall,—her pure tears,—when her
sweet breath
The night breeze, like some tranquil Sabbath tune,
The passionate heart to peace attempereth;
When earth presages yet unspoken things
Amid the rustling of her grassy hair;
When tender fingers touch the trembling strings,
And soothing song breathes calm beyond com-
pare;
Ah, then tone's sorcery its best charm reveals,
Its holiest deeps of rapture, love, and woe
Immortal, mortal! Then the spirit feels
Eternity and Time united flow,
And earth a bright and blest and beauteous star,
From God's invisible presence not afar!

SUMMER-NIGHT NOCTURNES.

INVOCATION.

Float, moon, athwart the faëry dell;
Cloudmantled, pause o'er dreamland dim,
And ere in sleep lulled senses swim,
Enchain them with thine elfin spell;

Waft hither, vassal-wind of night,
From realms where syren-tones accost,
Some captive song, ere song hath lost
Sweet stress of lingering heart's-delight;

Then,—moon-born, dream-won melody!—
Enwreathe, enchant, enthrall the brain!
Haunt, hold it evermore again,—
A wild enigma, void of key!

IN MOSS AND GRASS.

(Crickets Chirp)

Cymbals, kiss, kiss,
Timbrels, hiss, hiss!
Chirp, merry crickets,
Thread grassy thickets,
Rattling, prattling, cheerily and shrill,
Skip and trip and flip and whirr and chirr and
trill!

Comrades, tune,
Tune your little reeds!
Soon, too soon
Sunny summer speeds!
Sweetheart pretty,
Arch and witty,
Neat and trim as a dew-bespangled pink,
Thy dainty finger in mine come link!
Dance with me the moss-mountain over,
Under the forest of fern and clover.
Grandfather grasshopper dozes in the grass,
Tipsy with noonlight,
Sore bested;
Mock him by moonlight,
Giddy old head!
All about, beside, before, and over him pass!

Wheeling in a round
With a gleesome sound,
Dizzily springing,
Ceaselessly singing,
Skipping, tripping,
Wind a whirring trill,
Rattling, prattling
Cheerily and shrill!
Timbrels, hiss, hiss!
Cymbals, kiss, kiss!

FORGETMENOT.

O'er slumber's sea go wing thy flight,
Sweet wind of night,
And when thou fannest one sleeping barque,
Through balmy dark
Breathe wildly shy as Love's first sigh,
 " I am a sigh! Forgetmenot!"
 But murmur not
 Of sighs unknown
 That woke thine own.

O'er slumber's sea fall shadow light,
Fresh dew of night,
And where dim paths of silence stream
Through waves of dream,
Ring softly clear as Love's first tear,
 " I am a tear! Forgetmenot!"
 But whisper not
 Of tears unknown
 That woke thine own.

AT TWILIGHT.

(Fireflies Dance)

Aspire, children of fire!
Gathering gloom
Scatter, consume!
Shine, beacons divine,
Symbols of love,
Radiant love!

Glimmering glints of perished blisses,
Shimmering sparks of vanished kisses,
Sprinkle, down immensity's dazzling darks,
Twinkles of innumerable planet-sparks!

Through emerald grass
In gold rain pass,
With sapphire lustre
On roseleaves cluster,
Where fern-fronds darkle,
Amethystine sparkle!

Beware, beware
The spider's lair!
From the honeysuckle horn
And the flowering thorn
He swings his snare;
Ever on the watch
Sweet prey to catch,

He will entrap us
In nets, and enlap us
In chains, to illumine
His den's dank gloom.
Rather die
In the lamp that burns
On the turret high
Where my lady yearns
Her love to discover
To her lingering lover;
Or serve as a light
To the beast-black sprite
Who delves in the deeps
Where the diamond sleeps!
Fly from the fitful heats that glow
At the rotten heart of the mouldering tree:
A subtle serpent lurks below,
A greedy owl waits stealthily!
Away, away
From the mad marsh ray
That dances over the mist-hung ground
'Mid solitude profound
Of stagnant pools in the haunted hollow!
Away! Nor follow
False lights,
Lost sprites,
Fires of the fury of irrevocable crime,
Down in the darkness of a fierce, forgotten time.
Aspire, children of fire!
Gathering gloom

Scatter, consume!
Shine, symbols divine,
Beacons of love,
Radiant love!

UNDER THE ROSE.

'T was breathed at night, at dusk midnight,
No traitor near, unseen to hear,
Yet ocean echoes murmur low
That song of night, mysterious night.

The moon shone bright that warm midnight,
The wind awoke and softly spoke;
Afar its echo thrilled the star
On loveless height alone that night.

In shy affright her silver sprite
From sky to sea sped radiantly
And bore along the watery floor
In streams of light that voice of night.

And now at night, at warm midnight
The enamoured sea unweariedly
Again repeats that siren strain
Of love's delight in mystic night.

Why, starry sprite, wind, sea, moonlight,
The charm betray, whose secret lay
Unsealed beneath the rose, concealed
From day's despite in shades of night?

BESIDE THE POOL.

(Frogs Croak)

Slumberous, cool,
Langourous, full,
Billowy breast of the bronze-brown pool!
Dive down, smoothly splash!
Under water dash!
Drum, drum! Bubble, bubble!
Love, come away! Leave torrid trouble!
Over the wet weed slip and climb!
Cushioned deep with yielding slime,
A darksome bed
For us is laid,
Water sedge
Its trailing pillow,
Curtained close by a weeping willow,
Sweeping over the pool's green edge;
Drowsily circling water weaves
Flags, weeds, grass, leaves,
In streaming banners; oh come! Slip under
The langourous shade of the bronze-brown pool,
Tranquil, cool,
Beautiful!
Slide, sink! Love, look up!
By the lily cup

Our dripping curtain parts asunder;
Skies of water sway slow o'erhead;
 The crescent moon
 And starbeams shed
 A softened light,
 And the low winds croon
 An amorous tune
 To the sultry night.
 Drum, drum! Bubble and bubble!
Love, come away! Leave torrid trouble!
 Dive down! Smoothly splash!
 Under water dash!
 Slumberous, cool,
 Langourous, full,
Billowy breast of the bronze-brown pool!

LADY LILY LOVES NOT LOVE.

As they lingered heavy-hearted
In the garden, snowy white,
Starlike, moonlike, rose the lily.
Lovely lily, lonely lily,
Lady lily loves not Love !
Where two hapless lovers rove,
Passionate sighs are breathed by night !

There, to meet no more, they parted.
Ere the merciless morning light,
Starlike, moonlike, set the lily.
Lovely lily, lonely lily,
Lady lily loves not Love !
Where two hapless lovers rove,
Passionate tears are wept by night !

TWIN.

The opening rose in the lake is reflected,
The star in the breast of the moonlit bay,
But clearer, closer, nearer reflected,—
Spirit in cloudless spirit,—were they!

The wind-strewn rose from the lake is parted,
The star from the breast of the storm-lashed bay,
But farther, wider, longer parted,—
Spirit from darkened spirit,—are they!

IN THE HAUNTED OAK.

(The Owl Hoots)

Oo-ee! Lordly 'tis, an owl to be,
Castled in a hollow oaken tree!
Twit! What speechless joy, to muse alone
When the noisy light of day has flown!
Still and soothing 'tis, unseen to gaze
Down the dusky wood's mysterious haze,
Calm and safe, of quiet nothing thinking,
Slowly through the gathering shadow blinking,
While the rising mist fantastically
Undulates adown the invisible valley!
When upon the watch I'm warily sitting,
Hungry bats abroad are blindly flitting—
Twilight things, not wholly beasts, not fowls,
Winged, affected creatures, would-be owls,
Giddy, flippant thieves that stupidly follow
Air-fields, empty swept by greedy swallow!
Shrewder I wait patiently, till mouse,
Snake, rat, lizard, steal too near my house,
Or till clumsy toad from his hiding-hole
Hops heavily past my gaping oak-tree bole,
While freakish frog beside the weed-fringed pool
Croaks hoarsely forth his fat cry, festal-full!
Hoo! What spectral tragedies by night

Entertain mine owlish second-sight!
Crazy wildfire wins elf-maid to dance;
Gnome mocks by, with sneering grin and glance;
Gibbering ghosts of joys extinguished, groan,
Wraiths of griefs to come flit by and moan;
Though I hear and see, they move not me,—
Yet men say my song means prophecy!
But when midnight's stroke disturbs my niche,
Then she comes, the soft-tongued, light-foot witch,
Like moonlight looking whitely in at me
With mop and mow and smile half grief, half glee!
Well she knows this dell of rankest foison,
Best beloved of herbs that heal or poison!
Well she knows me too;—oh, eyes of wonder,
Bright and dark as clouds that flash and thunder,
Through mine eyes attract my sense, my will,
With your glance forebodings deep instil,
Give me gleams of fate intoxicating,
Fraught with influence human, fascinating!
But, she passes.—Then once more I feel
Owlish rest and safety o'er me steal;
Then I prowl and pounce and watch by turns
Till the noisy light of day returns;
Oo-ee! Lordly 'tis, an owl to be,
Castled in a hollow oaken tree!

NIGHT ECHOES.

Planet of passion, star of pain,
Sunken to rise no more again,
What of thy phantom rays remain?
 Passion and pain.

Flowret of rue and wan regret,
Bloom sorrow-wasted, blush tear-wet,
What has love's tempest spared thee yet?
 Rue and regret.

Shade of a shade, dream of a dream,
Wilt thou return with morning's beam,
Then to be all thou didst but seem?
 Shade of a dream!

Hope unfulfilled, perished desire,
Purified rise from martyr pyre,
Else drown in Lethe's flood thy fire!
 Hopeless desire!

NIGHT STORM.

Night, born amid tempest and fear-haunted shade,
Like passion misguided, for sorrow thou'rt made!
While rising winds threaten and sultry clouds
lower,

In terror and rapture I yield to thy power!
I see bright Arcturus, engulfed, slowly sink
Down distance elusive beyond the wood's brink;
No torch on the water, no lamp on the land,
The black vault is cloven by lightning's red brand.
Wan, shuddering water, wild heart, near or far
Through storm and through darkness there shines
not one star.—

Oh, were this dread darkness oblivion profound!
Were yonder the ocean no plummet can sound!

WATCH-DOGS.

What face is that, so still, so pale?
It stares upon me from the sky
And speaks no word; more dumb than I,
With looks that more than words bewail,
It stares until the night goes by.
How, how, how, how, how, how, why?

It wears the look my lady wore
When silent on her bed she lay;
They bore her from the house away
Nor brought her back; since then, no more
My master cares to hunt or play.
Why, why, why, why, why, why, why, hey?

All's safe and still in house, on ground.
But no! The sly cat mews; ss-tt-; so!
All honest watch-dogs hate thee; go!
What's that? My shade? The ghostly hound?
The wind? The distant oxen's low?
What, who? What, who? What, who? What woe?

Some foot, slow, stealthy, soft, I hear;
It treads as 't would no dog should mark;
I scent a foe across the dark;
Some danger to this house draws near;
Wake, comrades! Leo! Neptune! Hark!
Now, now! Ho, ho! Bay, bay! Bark, bark!

SOSPIRO.

(Two-Part Song.)

“Were I this hour
The wind of night!
Wert thou the flower
On yonder height!”
Or could I be
Yon moon! Wert thou
The surging sea
She silvers now!
“Or could we burn
Where altar-fires
In sacred urn
One faith inspires,
And rise illumed
And glorified,
Or spent, consumed.
Sink side by side!”
Or dwell afar
Together, blest,
Twin star by star
In azure rest!
“Had Fate allowed
One land, one shrine,
One roof, one shroud,

As thine and mine!
But Fate to me
Gave path and doom
Apart from thee
At hearth, in tomb!"
Vain toils Love wrought!
For thy best deed
And my best thought
One light may lead,
But life nor death
That change can send,
Will mix our breath,
Our ashes blend!

THE VOICE OF NIGHT.

Whence flows that strange Æolian swell
Through silent night?
From mournful meads of asphodel
Or fields of light?
From choir of rising stars, or wail
Of planet spent?
From coming dawn, or from the pale
Passed moon's lament?
From souls in sudden anguish sped
To fate forlorn?
From homeless souls to earth long dead?
From souls unborn?
O'er graves forgot that sound has swept;
Through parting knells;
O'er tears, the last that eyes have wept
For last farewells;
Across the sea of dream it flows,
Where lovers meet
To lose all sense of parted woes
In union sweet;
Long sighs of soft voluptuous bliss,
Wild passion's sob,
The victim's groan, the assassin's hiss,
Within it throb;

The coo of doves, the breath of flutes,
 The mother's prayer,
The thrill of leaves, the pulse of lutes,
 All vibrate there!
That fateful, solitary strain
 I only hear
When stars grow dim and moonbeams wane,
 And morn is near;
On, ever on it rolls, it steals,
 Like flood or fire;
No mortal song such depth reveals,
 No mortal lyre,—
An awful, vast, eternal breath,
 Memnonian, lone;
A voice of life, a voice of death,
 A wondrous tone!



TRANSCRIPTIONS.

ARAB WAR SONG.

Man's life with joy Love cannot endow!
A wilder transport his pulse would know!
To songs of battle my heart-strings vibrate!
'Tis then, a sand-storm, I swoop on the foe!

They drone no moan of pitiful woe;
Flame, frenzy, rage, those clangors bestow;
Through riot and rapture of slaughter, elate,
An eager leopard, I rush on the foe!

Sand stings, thirst tortures, angry wounds glow;
To joust with lightning a thousand go;
'Mid war's red roar rings the trumpet of Fate;
Fate's just right hand, I shatter the foe!

ARAB LOVE SONG.

I roam through sandy, burning wildernesses;
She rests beneath the Talha's leafy tresses.

Sharp thistles wound my feet, that, wearied, dally;
She wanders down the violet-scented valley.

I hear the jackal's scream, the djinn's shrill hooting;
She lists the nightingale's melodious fluting.

Oh, would her tent dog, barking, run to meet me!
Oh, would her ring dove, cooing, fly to greet me!

I sigh for thee, Zuleika, Kanab's daughter,
As pants the wounded hart for running water!

ARAB ELEGY.

Idle, man's rapture and anguish! Idle, man's
labor and rest!

Soon in the tent of death he lies, a never depart-
ing guest.

Where is the spouse whom once I deemed of
houri's immortal race,

Reya, black-haired and sapphire-eyed, Reya of the
flower-bright face?

Eyes, in whose light all eyes looked dim as phan-
toms of hopeless woes,

Lips, the nest of the nightingale, where slept the
breath of the rose,

Smile, whose spell could swell one moment to
æons of joy untold,

Voice, that rang, a crystal bell, to the beat of a
heart of gold,—

Peri-like beauty!—Yet 't was but the veil, the mi-
rage-like blind

That shielded from gaze unworthy, high spirit,
warm heart, great mind;

But ah! I knew her, adored her! I basked in her
myriad ray,—

Say not she died long years ago! She dies, to my
heart, each day.

What is left of the light that once transfigured
this world's wide gloom?

A lock of hair in my breast; a handful of dust in
her tomb.

Vain, man's rapture and anguish! Vain, man's
labor and rest!

Soon in the tent of death he lies, a never depart-
ing guest.

AMONG THE ROSES.

I.

Messages of heavenly wonder
Are not always sent in thunder!
Yonder hedge of dazzling roses
Burns as once the bush of Moses,
And in color's dumb completeness,
In aroma's silent sweetness,
To the deaf recites the story
Of the Eternal's power and glory!

II.

My serious friend, advancing,
Brings the tablet of Moses;
Through their dew-veils glancing,
Shyly smile the roses.
Shouts he,—“Hither, jailer!
Come and split their noses!”
Who to jail would trail ere
One of these red roses?
Friend, your wit must wander,
If you'd harm the roses.
“Wanton dreams they ponder!
Sin their blush discloses!”
Of this spice-wort, drink, friend,

Two or three strong doses,
That your brain may think, friend,
Thoughts as true as rose's!
Moonlight's chastened splendor,
Opal's gleam discloses
Purity less tender
Than the dreams of roses!

III.

Sweet zephyr, sent from Eden,
Soft sighing, breaks my light repose;
“Not from thy spirit, Hafis,
That fount of song celestial flows!
Ere time and space were measured,
Ere earth from nothing's night arose,
Each magic verse was treasured
Within the heart of Eden's rose!”

(*Hafis.*)

LOUISA.

Sweet sultana of all hearts,
Laughing, lovely Frank! Louisa!
Source of ceaseless cares and smarts!
Captivating young Louisa!

Fiery spears the heart impale
Of each fated youth who sees her;
Yet may never envious veil
Hide the face of fair Louisa!

Joy in Islam I have lost;
I can think but how to please her,
By a heretic passion tost
For the Christian girl, Louisa!

Though, my soul, this love should bear
Thee where tortures burn and freeze, ah
Wouldst thou count that price unfair,
Couldst thou thereby gain Louisa?
(*Ilmi.*)

ALLAH.

I am the mote in the sunbeam, and I am the Sultan
sun ;

“ Rest ! ” I whisper the atom ; I motion the orb,
“ Shine on ! ”

I am the blushes of morning, and I am the evening
breeze ;

I am the leaf's low murmur, the roar of the furious
seas.

I am the net, the fowler, the bird and its terrified
cry ;

Mirror, light, form and reflection ; sound, echo
and silence, I !

Battle, spear, victory, warrior, his mother's des-
pairing tear ;

Lover and passionate pleading, young maid and
her maiden fear.

I am intoxication, thirst, winepress, lees, water-
skin, wine ;

Guest, host, oasis, tavern, halt, small goblet of
crystal fine ;

I am the click of the cymbal, and I am the mind
of man ;

Desert, air ; diamond, dust ; storm ; gold ; sea-
pearls and their lustre wan ;

Flint, fire ; the flame of the taper, the moth that
about it flies ;

Moonlight, the rose, the nightingale, the songs
from his throat that rise.

I am both good and evil, the deed, and the doer's
intent,

Victim and sinner, temptation, crime, pardon and
punishment ;

I am the chain of existence, creation, its rise and
fall,

Life, death, what was, is, will be ; beginning and
end of all !

(Jelal-uddin-Rumi.)

THE WIFE'S REGRET.

I go like one who wanders dreaming
Through shades where falsehood's truth, truth
 seeming.

Your love was shallow, deep was mine
When first we shared the bridal wine;
Your lip scarce touched that sparkling spray,
Your passion fled like foam away,
But I the exhaustless cup still drain,
Where bitter lees alone remain!

I go like one who wanders dreaming
Through shades where falsehood's truth, truth
 seeming.

(Chinese "Woman's Song.")

THE KLEPHT.

On high Olympus,—summit dread!—
His heavy pinions folding,
An eagle rests, a human head
In ruthless talons holding.
He gazes on the wrinkled brow
And neck, glaive-hewn and gory,
And screams “When with thy body thou
Wert one, what was thy story?”—
“Feed, eagle, on my brains’ sharp strength,
My manhood crushed, consume then!
Thy wings, thy claws, in breadth and length
Will double growth assume then!
Well knew Xeromeros my name,
Armatole, and Luros;
Twelve years a klepht of cruel fame,
Mine eyrie great Olympus.
I slaughtered sixty Agas old,
Their hamlets burned and plundered,
Turks, Albanese, in scores untold,
I soul from body sundered.
Let so much of my tale suffice;
Thy hunger now unchaining,
Eat! Not unworthy is thy prize,
Winged klepht, unconquered reigning!”

(Modern-Greek Robber-Ballad.)

THE FAIR PENITENT.

There's a hermitage in Seville, olden shrine of
San Simon,
Whither lovely ladies wander to the morning
orison.
Thither, too, goes Doña Juana, of señoras fairest
fair,
Donning silken robe and veil, and black mantilla
fine and rare.
Round her eyes' too dazzling azure antimony's
shade she throws,
O'er her cheek of creamy velvet spreads a fragrant
dust of rose,
Takes a dainty, sweet pastille, her red pomegran-
ate lips between,
Then—a rising sun, an Easter star—the church
she enters in.
But the clergy who should celebrate, no word can
find to say,
And the acolytes attending, give responses all
astray,
While they stare and lose their heads and blush
and stammer more and more,
Till instead of “Amen, amen!” they entone,
“Amor, amor!”

(Old Spanish Song.)

PAQUITA.

Thou hast wondrous eyes, Paquita! They have
wiled my heart away,
Witching eyes, dark as starless night,
Dazzling eyes, bright as splendid light,
Sweet eyes! I shall die for those eyes, by all the
saints, I say!

For they thrill me to the soul when they turn on
me their ray,

Cruel eyes, dark as purple night,
Tender eyes, bright as golden light,
I shall die for those eyes, by all the saints, I say!

Close thy lovely eyes, Paquita! Turn thy liquid
looks away;

Lustrous eyes, dark as deep midnight,
Laughing eyes, bright as noonday light,
Sweet eyes! Lest I die for those eyes, by all the
saints, I pray!

For their spell no power resists; with a careless
glance they slay,

Fatal eyes, dark as moonless night,
Heavenly eyes, bright as blessed light,—
Lest I die for those eyes, by all the saints, I pray!

TUSCAN ROSA.

Thy velvet cheeks are soft as the rose,
Thine eyes are clear as dew on the rose,
Thy finger-tips are buds of the rose,
Thy braided locks are stems of the rose,
Thy breath is sweet as scent of the rose,
Thy speech is fine as thorns of the rose,
Thy thoughts are pure as tints of the rose,
Thy pride's the vest of the shy moss-rose,
Thy voice, the sigh of the wind-stirred rose,
Thy heart's more warm than heart of the rose;
They christened thee well, dear, who named thee
Rose,

No name but queen rose's befits thee, Rose.
But wert thou, indeed, named after the rose,
Or is it from thee that we name the rose?
For when did a rose in May bloom disclose
Triumphant perfection like thine, my Rose?

ROMAN TERESA.

On thy birth morn, in heaven above
 The seraphs sang
For joy, to know that with thee, Love
 New-born upsprang;
Dawn, dew, and rose and rainbow, bloom
 Bestowed on thee,
Ascension lilies their perfume
 And purity;
But once before were locks like thine
 Admired by men,—
The tresses golden fair and fine
 Of Magdalen.
So rich art thou in worth and truth,
 That much he gains
Who knows and loves thee, though the youth
 Unloved remains;
But he whom thou shalt love, oh flower
 Of Paradise,
Will taste the bliss of heaven's best hour
 Before he dies!

LAMENT
FOR THE DECLINE OF CHIVALRY.

O star of valor, virtue, truth,
Has all thy glory died away?
Has prudence quenched the fire of youth,
And dimmed thy ray?

I scarce had thought a thousand years
Could bring to knighthood such disgrace;
Bright honor's flame no longer cheers;
Pale grows joy's face.

No more I care to hear or sing
Of deeds long past, of suns long set;
My silent harp no more I string;—
Could I forget!

Shame, knights degraded, grown so vile,
Your own reproach you cannot see!
Shame, recreant ladies, who can smile
On infamy!

Shame, cavaliers, with crime-stained hands
Who dare to face your mothers, wives!
Base thieves of cattle, gold, and lands,
And poor men's lives!

Shame, each unworthy court, that deigns
To greet with favor frivolous song
Where once resounded nobler strains,
Proud, lofty, strong!

Shame, troubadours degenerate, shame!
You, false to high and manly vow,
Who once defended woman's name,
Revile it now!

'Tis man's own fault, some judges prove;
The fault of women, others say.
All are to blame! Faith in pure love
Has died away.

Rise, poets, wake your slumbering lyres,
Exalt these spirits, sunk so low!
Rise, Love! Relight thy sacred fires,
Thy heavenly glow!

Guiraud de Bornelh (Troubadour, Provence, 12th century.)

THE MINSTREL.

What man can make so fine a lay
As mine? For I'm Colin Muset!
Fair maids who hear me, spring up, dancing;
Glad youths, respondent, join the round;
Old dame and shepherd stand spellbound,
Let spindle drop, and sheep go prancing
Enchanted by the charming sound
Of pipe and lute, sweet song enhancing;
No man can wake so fine a lay
As mine,—for I'm Colin Muset!

When led by luck where joy in place is,
The *maître-d'hôtel* of proud chateau
Each portion doubles, wine lets flow,—
So welcome Master Colin's face is!
My lord in rich robe stalks aglow,
My lady dons her finest laces;
I make a stir wheree'er I stray,
For I'm the gay Colin Muset!

The count requests a song of glory,—
Some lay of Roland bold and brave;
Of Lancelot's love, Ginevra's grave,
The countess fair implores a story;
The chant that Orphens' soul did save
Delights the chaplain deaf and hoary;

For each and all I know a lay,
For I'm the gay Colin Muset!

All's feast poetic, princely leisure;
Each day some rich reward I gain;
Yet no man thinks to weigh my strain
Of heavenly song 'gainst mortal treasure,
And Colin's voice, and Colin's brain,
What minstrel with his own dare measure?
And who like me can wake the lay?
Not one! For I'm Colin Muset!

The brazen trumpet boldly blowing,
I sweep the harp's persuasive string,
Salute the flute like winds in spring,
The *violar* with soul endowing;
A light *carillon* I can ring;
All secrets of my science knowing,
How many a minstrel owes, today,
His skill to gay Colin Muset!

E'en when the royal feasts are over,
Good fortune still my fate attends,
And with me singing, homeward wends,
No more from mine own hearth a rover.
Then wife and children, servants, friends,
Rejoice with me like bees in clover.
"God bless thy liberal art," they say,
"Brave, generous, gay Colin Muset;
No man can make so fine a lay
As thine, divine Colin Muset!"

Colin Muset (A French minstrel of the 13th century, and ancestor of the poet Alfred de Musset).

BESIDE THE BIER.

Sweet face of beauty pale and rare,
I thought thou couldst not look more fair!
Sweet maid whom I did so adore,
I thought I could not love thee more!
But now with breaking heart I see
How fairer far thy face could be,
And feel, while o'er thy bier I bow,
I never loved indeed, till now!

(Galician Song.)

THE PUREST FLOWER.

(Two-Part Song.)

Maid, thine atmosphere discloses
Fragrance rich as new-blown rose's!
Dost thou cherish in thy bosom
Pink, narcissus, orange-blossom?
Violet breath didst thou inherit!

Youth, mine atmosphere discloses
Breath more precious far than rose's;
Though but one ungathered blossom
Sighs in fragrance from my bosom,—
'Tis a pure, unsullied spirit!

(Servian Song.)

MERLE AND MAIDEN.

On a beechen tree,
Singing merrily,
Sways a merle, in the sunshine glancing,
Sweet to hear and see!

Cease, wild merle, to sing;
Fly, on rapid wing,
Where, across her lattice-pane dancing,
Willow branches swing!

Perch and nestle there,
Preen thy feathers fair,
Warble wildly until a maiden
Looks out unaware!

Many a plume-like curl
Crowns that bird-voiced girl;
Oft for her wings I look, fear-laden;
Hast thou seen them, merle?

FEMININE QUESTIONS.

Ah, why, my silken hair,
So richly flow thy tresses fine and fair,
If not in their ringlets wreaths and gems to bear?

Ah, why, my slender feet,
So proudly arched, so strong and light and fleet,
If not in the dance a bounding rhythm to beat?

Ah, why, my sparkling eye,
With morning sun and midnight shadow vie,
If not on another magnet power to try?

Ah, why, my busy hand,
So pink thy palm, thy touch so light and bland,
If not through one life to wind joy's gay garland?

Ah, why, my rounded arm,
So satin smooth, so lithe, so rosy warm,
If not in one fate to weave Fate's chiefest charm?

Ah, why, my thrilling voice,
So tender, so impassioned, at thy choice,
If not with thy tones to bid one soul, "rejoice!"

Ah, why, my happy sprite,
So fountain-fresh thy fancies wild and bright,
If not his delight to wake with thy delight?

Ah, why, my heart, thy glow
Of purest fire beneath a veil of snow,
If not for one love to burn through bliss and woe?

HARP AND SWORD.

In the shade of the vast cathedral two glorious
tombs arise;
Royal Othmar in one reposes; in one, bard Egbert
lies.

From his throne, as a warrior-monarch, the powerful
king looked down;
The form, on his tombstone carven, wears, hero-
wise, sword and crown.

By the tomb of his friend and chieftain, the minstrel
in sculptured rest
Reclines, with the harp that he cherished, close
prest to his marble breast.

Though rage and ruin of battle may roll through
the stricken land,—
His falchion, stone-still, unswerving, bides cold in
the king's cold hand.

But when anthems of peace, thanks giving, float
gladly the wind along,
The echoing harp of the singer responds to each
joyous song!

(Old German Song.)

SWISS COWHERD'S SONG.

Hale as hale can be,
Manly, honest, free,
Is the cowherd's ancient calling!
Who than we more gay,
When delightful May
Every heart with joy's enthralling?
When our blood like sap's upspringing,
When the early birds are singing,
When the snows are gone,
When the year rolls on,
When the sun new verdure's bringing!

Friend, the cowherd's stand,
Here in Switzerland
Is not counted least or lowest;
On the earth around,—
Barren, stony ground!—
If thou serious thought bestowest,
Thou wilt find no ploughshare through it
Smoothly goes; no floods renew it;
Herds for this atone,
And on herds, each one
Labor spends, and none e'er rue it.

So, when skies shine clear,
When green leaves appear,
When wild flowers laugh in the fountains,
Steel triangles ring,
Alp-horns echoing
Down the vale and up the mountains;
Touched in soft, harmonious measure,
All men hear those sounds with pleasure;
Doors and windows wide
Ope,—'t is then the tide
When work's welcome, welcome's leisure!

Weary, lonely hours,
Oft must both be ours,
Yet, on mountain height all charms us!
When at noonday laid
In a leafy shade.
When, at evening, sunset warms us,
Every peak rose-golden gloweth,
Every brook in music floweth,
While our kine, at ease,
Snuff the fragrant breeze,
Sweeter rest, what toil bestoweth!

THE CHALLENGE.

(Two-Part Song.)

I am the chasm whose hidden ground
Timorous hunter shall never sound.
Youth, darest thou measure its deeps profound?

“Maiden, the spring rains, descending, sweep
Interspace, fissure, and channel steep.
I will awaken that echoing deep!”

I am a poniard, I dazzle or smite;
I am a serpent, as sage as slight;
I am the teeth of the topmost height!

“Feint that can parry the dagger blow,
Wisdom that baffles the snake I know.
Paths round the uppermost peak may go!”

Over pine summits my branches bend!
Hope not thine arrogant way to wend
Whither no chamois yet dared ascend.

“I am the silvery flakes that rest
Wrapt in the folds of the snow cloud’s breast;
I will repose on thy lofty crest!”

I am the motionless mountain mere,
Century-fettered by frost-chains drear;
Think not to breathe in mine atmosphere!

“ I am the beams of the burning sun,
Warming to life all I shine upon;
I will enkindle that heart of stone!”

Gate of the garden of Paradise,
Haughty as Khaiber, my heart defies
Open approach or astute surprise.

“ Love, dauntless daughter of rock and snow,
Love, lord of heaven, can the power bestow
Hearts proud as Khaiber to win, fair foe!”

(Afghan Song.)

THAW.

The ice breaks up, the rivers rise,
Along the shore free Moskva flies
His pent up rage outpouring,
 Roaring, loud rearing!

Heaven, in this mad, tempestuous hour,
Curb Moskva's wild, destructive power!
Restrain the flood, strong swirling,
 Whirling, wide whirling!

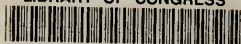
Let not the hungry waters gnaw
And down to merciless darkness draw
Yon churchyard by the river,
 Ever, forever!

There, long, long years ago, they laid
The best, the fairest village maid.—
When, heart, will cease thine aching,
 Breaking, slow breaking?

(The Russian monk Innokentij.)



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